

The Man Without A Country

By Edward Everett Hale

at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, he always had a stateroom, which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along some of the gentlemen fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the president's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said, "The Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
"It seems impossible to us that any body ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through. Suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

Whose heart hath beat within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him hurry over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he sang a little, colored crimson, and staggered on a little.

And here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And it had to make up for that beggarly story to that English

surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fletcher's sermons, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the Warren came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky



Turned a Little Pale but Plunged On.

to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the Warren I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the Warren, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bery of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other, in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any contempts. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps, called for a set of "American dancers," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contemts. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American

dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen," gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "Virginia Reel," if you please!" "Money-Musk," if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said, so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contemts, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waiting; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!" Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask," and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree; that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quiet old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time

North Carolina, Watauga county, Sydney Phillips and wife Emma Phillips, Nella Taylor and husband L. L. Taylor, Josie Cole and husband Andrew Cole, Biddle Greer and husband Frank Greer, Mollie Norris and husband Will Norris, vs Martha Norris and husband Mill Norris, Clerinda Hayes, Bertha Waddell and — Waddell.

By virtue of an order of the Superior court in the above entitled action, I will on the 5th day of November 1917 at the court house door in Boone, N. C. at 1 o'clock p. m. sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate to wit: Beginning on a Spanish oak, Claws on the corner and runs west 50 poles to a Spanish oak and chestnut, then S with Claws some 33 poles to a Spanish oak, then west 33 poles to a chestnut oak, then N 10 W 116 poles to a white oak; then E 2 poles to a chestnut in his old line, then S 20 E with said line 64 poles to a Spanish oak, then E with said line to the corner; then to the beginning, containing 30 acres more or less. This 21 day of September 1917.

WILL NORRIS, Commissioner.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the muscular surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Remedy that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Life Was a Misery

Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes:

"From the time I entered into womanhood . . . I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. . . Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, . . . I decided to

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain. . ."

"It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble."

If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.

All Druggists

when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukabwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Doug Porter, that is the old sailor.

(Continued next week.)

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Virginia-Carolina Railway Company

TIME TABLE NO. 58
In Effect 12:01 A. M., Monday, Sept. 11, 1916
For Government of Employees Only.

SOUTHERN		STATIONS		Length		Number of Cars		Telephone		Signal		NORTHWARD	
Daily Except Sunday		Eastern Standard Time		No. of Miles		Clearing		No. of Miles		No. of Miles		Daily Except Sunday	
1st Class	No. 1											1st Class	
7:30	Ar.	Lv. Abingdon (W.C.)	Ar.	1138	35	General Office	—	—	—	—	—	—	No. 2
7:32	Ar.	Lv. Yard	Ar.	400	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5:15
7:45	Ar.	Lv. Watauga	Ar.	400	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5:00
7:45	Ar.	Lv. Barron	Ar.	400	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4:45
7:45	Ar.	Lv. Cedarville (W)	Ar.	125	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7:45	Ar.	Lv. Downing Ford	Ar.	140	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7:45	Ar.	Lv. Valls Mill	Ar.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8:12	Ar.	Lv. Damascus (W) (T)	Ar.	520	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4:15
8:20	Ar.	Lv. Laureldale (G.C.)	Ar.	400	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4:11
8:23	Ar.	Lv. Taylor's Valley (W)	Ar.	400	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3:55
8:23	Ar.	Lv. Creek Junction	Ar.	375	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3:43
8:45	Ar.	Lv. Callahan Crossing (G.C.)	Ar.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8:45	Ar.	Lv. Green Cove (W)	Ar.	390	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3:30
8:52	Ar.	Lv. White Top Gap (W.T.)	Ar.	390	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3:25
8:52	Ar.	Lv. Nella	Ar.	300	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3:20
10:27	Ar.	Lv. Tuckerdale (W)	Ar.	480	12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2:15
10:33	Ar.	Lv. Lansing	Ar.	280	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2:10
10:38	Ar.	Lv. Berlin	Ar.	195	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2:04
10:45	Ar.	Lv. Warrenville	Ar.	390	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2:03
11:04	Ar.	Lv. Smethport	Ar.	451	11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11:04	Ar.	Lv. West Jefferson (WCY)	Ar.	800	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1:40
11:06	Ar.	Lv. West Jefferson (WCY)	Ar.	800	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1:35
11:24	Ar.	Lv. Hamilton, N. C.	Ar.	160	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1:14
11:24	Ar.	Lv. Donation	Ar.	360	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1:10
11:24	Ar.	Lv. Bowie (W)	Ar.	320	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1:00
11:54	Ar.	Lv. Riverdale	Ar.	320	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12:43
12:05	Ar.	Lv. Elkland, N. C. (WCT)	Ar.	1310	30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12:30
P.M.	Ar.	—	Ar.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	P.M.
Daily Except Sunday	First Class	KONNAROCK BRANCH										Daily Except Sunday	First Class
No. 5	No. 3											No. 4	No. 6
P.M.	A.M.											P.M.	A.M.
8:15	8:55	Lv. Creek Junction	Ar.	375	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	9:30	8:43
8:20	9:00	Lv. Grassy Ridge (:) Ar.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9:11	8:38
8:28	9:10	Lv. Konnarock (WYO) Ar.	—	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9:11	8:38
P.M.	A.M.											P.M.	A.M.

—Stop on Signal. —Regular Stop. G. C.—Grade Crossing. W.—Water. C.—Coal. O.—Scales. T.—Turntable. Y.—Wye. (:) Jct. W. T. Ry.

Used 40 Years

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

It is by no means an easy matter to cure this disease, but it can be done in most instances by taking Chamberlain's Tablets and complying with the plain printed directions that accompany each package.

Old Folks Saved From Suffering

Mrs. Mary A. Dinn, Taunton, Mass., in her 87th year, says: "I thought I was beyond the reach of medicine, but Foley Kidney Pills have proved most beneficial in my case."

Mr. Sam A. Hoover, High Point, N. C., writes: "My kidney trouble was worse at night and I had to get up from five to seven times. Now I do not have to get up at night, and consider myself in a truly normal condition, which I attribute to Foley Kidney Pills, as I have taken nothing else."

Mrs. A. A. Briggs, Robinson, Mass., says: "I suffered from kidney ailments for two years. I commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills ten months ago, and though I am 61 years of age, I feel like a 35-year-old girl."

Foley Kidney Pills "look after" the kidneys and uric acid, and remove the cause of the disease. They act quickly and safely, and are the only safe and reliable remedy for kidney trouble.

Stomach And Liver Troubles.

No end of misery and actual suffering is caused by disorders of the stomach and liver, and may be avoided by the use of Chamberlain's Tablets. Give them a trial. They only cost a quarter.